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ROYAL COURT THEATRE,

SLOANE SQUARE, S.W.

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Copy 1

ISAAC OF YORK;

OR,

SAXONS AND NORMANS AT HOME.

A New Burlesque Extrabaganza,

BY

THOMAS F. PLOWMAN.

Produced at the Royal Court Theatre, November 29th, 1871.

London:

PRINTED BY J. W. LAST & CO., PRINCES STREET, DRURY LANE.

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—o—

CHARACTERS.

Richard Cœur de Lion	-	Mdlle. CORNELIE D'ANKA
Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert		Mr. A. BISHOP
Cedric	- - -	Mr. H. LEIGH
Ivanhoe	- - -	Miss KATE BISHOP
Gurth	- - -	Mr. C. PARRY
Oswald	- - -	Miss CAMERON
Alfred	- - -	Miss LESLIE
Edgar	- - -	Miss EDITH VERE
Athelstone	- - -	Miss BOND
Ulric	- - -	Miss VAUGHAN
Harold	- - -	Miss RAWLINGS
Edmund	- - -	Miss LAVATER
Robin Hood	- - -	Miss GRESHAM
Little John	- - -	Miss PHILLIPS
Will Scarlet	- - -	Miss GRAHAM
Isaac of York	- - -	Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON
Rebecca	- - -	Miss M. OLIVER
Rowena	- - -	Miss NELLIE BROMLEY
Elfrida	- - -	Miss FOLEY.

Retainers, Saracens, Saxons, Normans, &c.,
in *super*-abundance.

SCENE I.	-	ROTHERWOOD.
SCENE II.	-	SHERWOOD.
SCENE III.	-	TORQUILSTONE.

Gilt.

W. L. Shoemaker

7 8 '06

ISAAC OF YORK;

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SAXONS AND NORMANS AT HOME.

SCENE I.—*Hall in CEDRIC's Castle. Raised table for CEDRIC and guests, lower one for RETAINERS; cloths laid for supper. Chairs at high table, forms at lower. Seat and small side-table near fire-place, L. Doors R. and L. Thunder and rain at intervals.*

GURTH and RETAINERS enter R. H. with various dishes, which they place on the table.

Enter CEDRIC, L., with whip, which he smacks at intervals, a la CEDRIC at Drury Lane. RETAINERS start each time.

CED. Where's Gurth?—How dare you thus stop out so late? Stocks, stripes, and shackles shall his ways mend.

GURTH.

Wait,

My lord, I have to feed the pigs,
And those young porkers cut such precious rigs;
They're dreadful frisky, but t'would glad your eyes
To see the little beauties in their styes,
So clean and nice——

CED. So *clean*, slave! Don't talk bosh!

GURTH. They should be—they're so often *at the wash*.

CED. Enough! 'Tis time the supper was before us.
(GURTH and RETAINERS about to go.) But, stay—I'll sing,
and you'll join in the chorus.

Song. Air, "There was a jolly miller once."

They say I'm but a Saxon thane,
Yet Saxon would I be;
I've every reason to be vain
Of my long pedigree.
Tho' we caved in at Hastings
To Billy's Norman host,

At Rotherwood, at least, they'll find
Old Cedric rules the roast.

(To RETAINERS) Then ho! dogs, look out there (*smacking whip*)

(To Audience) Here I am supreme;

I smacks my whip, and drives 'em

As I would a team.

Chorus of RETAINERS.

Then ho! dogs, look out there,

Here he is supreme, &c.

[*At conclusion, exeunt GURTH and RETAINERS, R.*]

Enter ROWENA, L. C.; FEMALE ATTENDANT, L. H., who crosses and exits, R. H.

CED. (*Irritably.*) How long you've been, my dear.

ROW. There, there, don't wrangle;

'Twas not *my* fault my hair got in a tangle.

CED. Well, Athelstone has gone—he couldn't wait.

ROW. I shall not weep at that, I beg to state.

CED. You'll wed him——

ROW. Never! Oh, you needn't frown.

CED. (*Angrily.*) *Marry come up!*

ROW. This *wedding* won't go down

With me. Oh, Ivanhoe, I love but thee!

CED. Don't mention that unduteous boy to me.

Enter R., FEMALE ATTENDANT.

ATTEN. My lord, some parties wet through to the skin,
Would feel obliged if you could let 'em in
And give 'em shelter. One's a knight in armour,
With two retainers—the other 's a young palmer.

CED. If they've been out to-night, they're in a pickle.

ROW. A palmer! P'raps it's *Anderson* or *Frikell*.

ATTEN. No! *sleight-of-hand* I don't think 's in his line.
He's *light of foot*, I rather should opine.

CED. Admit 'em.

[*Exit ATTENDANT, R.*]

They must be a state forlorn in.

I'd rather see that *knight* tho' in the morning.

*Re-enter RETAINERS, ushering in SIR BRIAN DE BOIS-GUILBERT,
two SARACENS, and IVANHOE, disguised as a pilgrim.*

Trio. Air, "My ancestor once had a lamp." (Aladdin II.)

SIR B. Oh, why did I leave my gingham at home.

(To CEDRIC.) Our thanks to you we owe.

IVAN. (*Aside.*) They'd open their eyes if in this disguise
They recognized young Ivanhoe.

SIR B. I'm sure I shall get, with this heavy wet,
Cold water on the brain;
I'm dripping wet through,

IVAN. And so am I too,
Down steadily comes the rain.
Drip, drip, drip, drip, patter and drip;
One can't say one's partial to this sort of trip.

Chorus.—Drip, drip, &c. [*Exit ATTENDANTS, R.*]

SIR B. Cedric, old boy, how do?

CED. That's cool, Sir Knight.

Did'st never when at school the copy write—

"Familiarity contempt will breed."

SIR B. I never went to school—not I, indeed;
When I was young the council of the nation
Its head ne'er troubled about education,
But now our bondsmen e'en to read are yearning.

IVAN. Well, *Foster's Act*, you know, should *foster* learning.

CED. True—and as servants can our letters spell,
Each *petty serf* think's he's a *heavy swell*.

SIR B. (*Handing card from case to CEDRIC.*) You've heard
the name, p'r'aps—Sir De B. Guilbert.

(*To SARACENS.*) Ho, slaves! (*Enter two Niggers, R. H.*)

Attention! Eyes right! As you were!

(*To CEDRIC.*) You'll find me in Debrett.

CED. I'd like to shirk him.

SIR B. So p'r'aps you'll *Lodge* me.

CED. I'd much rather *Burke* him.

ROW. (*To CEDRIC.*) Just introduce me—

CED. (*To SIR B.*) Yes, allow me, please.

My ward, Rowena. (*Introducing her.*)

SIR B. Dear me, quite the cheese

IVAN. (*Aside.*) How beautiful she looks!

SIR B. Ah, charmed, I'm sure.

(*Aside.*) A rustic beauty, sober and demure.

CED. (*Pointing to IVANHOE.*) This gentleman 's—

IVAN. (*Interrupting.*) A nobody, you see.

I joined them on the road for company;

And so your thoughts pray don't let me engage.

(*Aside.*) I mean to *act* tho', now I've reached this *stage*.

Enter R., RETAINER.

RETAINER. My lord, a Jew, accompanied by his daughter,
Seeks shelter from the down-pour of rain-water.

SIR B. Don't let 'em in.

CED. (*With dignity.*) Indeed! (*To OSWALD.*) Admit 'em!
(*To SIR B.*) What!

Pray am I master here or am I not?

(*To OSWALD.*) And when you've let 'em in, get up the supper.

[*Exit RETAINER, R.*]

(*To SIR B.*) This interference, sir, is most impru- per.

Re-enter RETAINERS, R., followed by ISAAC and REBECCA.

(*Music during following dialogue. OSWALD and RETAINERS place supper, consisting of boar's head, &c., on tables.*)

ISAAC. (*Bowing humbly.*) Pity the sorrows of a poor old Jew,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him——

CED. (*Interrupting.*) That 'll do—
We know the rest.

SIR B. Oh, yes—and something more.
That's awfully *rich*, to make out that you're *poor*.

ISAAC. As sure as hair once grew on this old nob,
I've not a joey, tanner, tizzy, bob
In all the world—although p'r'aps once I had.

CED. (*To REBECCA.*) Is this correct?

REB. Don't ask it—he's my dad.

ISAAC. You know of late that I've had many a loss, child.

REB. Well, don't be angry, father——

ISAAC. I'm not *wrath*, child. (*Rothschild.*)

SIR B. You lend out money.

ISAAC. I once did, I own.

Now, like a baby, I can't *stand a loan*.

I even borrowed—an' it please you, master,

This ancient *tile* (*shewing hat*) from Reuben of Tad *caster*.

ROW. Is this your daughter?

ISAAC. (*Rapturously.*) She! Oh, is she? Rather
Observe the likeness in her doating father.

This poor old *Israelite* is all to she;

Her presence always is *real light* to me.

REB. I've been—yes, ever since I was so high—his *tie and prop.*

ISAAC. Likewise my *propertie*.

SIR B. She's beautiful, indeed!

ISAAC. Ah yes, you see,
She always from a child took after me.

(*GURTH comes from back. Chord in orchestra.*)

Concerted piece. Air, "The Doctor's Boy."

GURTH. The supper's a-waiting.

IVAN. What jolly good news.

REB. A bit and a sup now I shall not refuse.

ISAAC. If there's only pork, what a sell it would be.

SIR B. I could eat a whole *Turkey* I'm so *Hungaree*.

CED. Let's look at the bill of fare.

(*GURTH hands long carte.*)

REB. (*In astonishment.*) Well, to be sure!

I should think that dyspepsia and gout they endure.

ISAAC. We poor folks but seldom get even a chop;
For jolly good eating—why this is the shop.

CED. (*Reading carte.*) Capons and custards, and chickens
in grease,

Row. (*Taking carte.*) Porkers and porpoises, peacocks and
geese,

ISAAC. (*Taking carte.*) Boar's head and bustards, and other
rum fare,

REB. (*Taking carte.*) Enough to make modern gastronom-
ers stare.

Chorus.—Capons and custards, &c.

Chorus repeated.

(*Dance, after which all take seats at tables. GURTH sits on
ground in front of table.*)

IVAN. (*Soliloquising aside.*) 'Tis strange once more my
native boards to tread,

Beneath the roof where I was born and—

Row. *Bread!*

IVAN. If she should recognise me, she'd be flustered.

My utmost self-possession must be—

REB. *Mustard!*

IVAN. She's lovelier than ever. Happy fate,

Her beauteous face once more to contem—

ISAAC. *Plate!*

IVAN. That scamp Sir B. I'll challenge—that's quite clear,
And (if I can), despatch him to his—

CED. *Beer!*

IVAN. I'll meet him boldly with my—

ISAAC. *Knife and fork!*

IVAN. And fight till one of us is dead as—

SIR B. *Pork!*

IVAN. When Richard comes, he'll stop such idle praters,
These plotting Normans and base agi—

ISAAC. *Taters!*

IVAN. He'll make 'em in their knavish doings halt;
His *action* will be battery and as—

REB.

Salt!

IVAN. Out of his land he'll soon make each a stepper.
When he returns, by Jove, he'll give 'em—

ISAAC.

Pepper!

SIR B. (*Rising.*) And now, with the permission of the host,
Before we part, I'd like to give a toast.

CED. By all means. Name it.

SIR B. 'Tis the health of those

Knights Templars who, mong Saracenic foes,

Did bravest deeds——

Row. (*Interrupting.*)

Did not King Richard's men

Accomplish feats of any moment, then?

SIR B. Oh, no, we Templars the chief glory won—

King Richard's chiefs were second——

IVAN. (*Loudly.*)

Yes, to none!

SIR B. Hallo, what mean you?

IVAN.

That I'll quickly show.

You too where licked.

SIR B.

By whom?

IVAN.

Young Ivanhoe!

You hit him first—you thought he couldn't fight.

'Twas in the street.

SIR B. (*Aside.*)

By jingo, the chap's right.

(*All the company listen with deep interest to following narration.*)

IVAN. In school-boy days he'd hoarded up his pence,

And learnt the noble art of self-defence.

A ring was formed of unwashed men and boys;

('Twas just the thing the populace enjoys).

A hit well planted made your ivories rattle,

And down you dropt. Still up again to battle

You quickly rose—as bread does. 'Twas in vain;

For, like our loaf, you soon were “down again.”

The last hit lighted full upon your——

SIR B. Smeller. (*Aside.*)

IVAN. It felled and stunned you.

ISAAC. (*Excitedly.*)

What a stunning feller!

IVAN. That final cut, when breath you could obtain,

Caused you to cut and never “come again.”

REB. Dear me, at milling he must be a King!

Why, like a Mace he'd fell 'em in the ring.

SIR B. 'Tis false! No blow of his could make me reel—

I tripped up on a piece of orange-peel.

Whenever I've the chance, I'll soon requite him!

IVAN. You will! Then done—I promise you shall fight him!

ISAAC. Bravo!

SIR B.

He'll back out.

Row.

No, there's not a braver

Than Ivanhoe.

SIR B.

I'll *lather* the young *shaver*.

CED. (*To ROWENA.*) Be quiet, miss; your speech you're much too blunt in.

Row. To think he'd *back out* is to me *affrontin'*.

CED. That bad boy loved you, and I told him not;
So let his deeds and him be quite forgot.

Just drop the subject—quite enough's been said.

(*Rising.*) It's getting late, so let's get off to bed.

At ten o'clock I'll have no lad nor lass out,

So put the chain up, and just turn the gas out.

[*All rise and come to front.*]

Concerted piece. Air, "After the Opera is over."

IVAN. Now that the supper is over,
Morpheus invites us to rest.

ISAAC. I wish I'd ne'er tasted that pastry,
'Twill take half the night to digest.

Row. What time shall we call you, Sir B.?

SIR B. At nine, if you please—not before;
Just tell them to knock pretty loud.

CED. Please put your boots outside the door.

REB. After the supper is over,
Eyelids get heavy as lead,
So with the extinguisher cover
The light, and then—pop into bed,

Chorus.—After the supper, &c.

[*Exeunt all but REBECCA, IVANHOE, SIR BRIAN, and ISAAC.*]

Taffy was a Welchman, Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house and stole a leg of beef;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy wasn't at home,
Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow-bone;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I up with a beef-bone and threw it at his head.

[*At end of round, exeunt SIR BRIAN, ISAAC, and IVANHOE, L. H.*]

REB. Heigho! mine eyes don't seem inclined for closing;
I love, aye, madly—that stops any dozing.
Oh, did you know it, Ivanhoe, you'd own
Affection deeper never yet was known

Who loves like me?—The miser loves his gold;
 The Polar bear loves winter's ice and cold;
 Odger indeed most dearly loves to spout;
 Lowe loves the Income Tax that we fork out.
 The humble periwinkle loves his shell;
 How bobbies love cold mutton cooks can tell.
 But all these loves, tho' rapturous they be,
 Approach not mine in deep intensity.

Song. Air, "Down among the Coals."

The pluckiest knight at tourney fight,
 The victor in each fray,
 Is unknown to fame, for his christian name
 To never a soul he'll say.
 But that I've found out without any doubt,
 And his mystery's safe with me,
 Why hither he came and his ultimate aim,
 His name and his pedigree.
 His name is Ivanhoe,
 Gallant Ivanhoe!
 Victor always in the lists,
 With his sword, or spear, or fists,
 Is my Ivanhoe,
 Dearest Ivanhoe,
 Oh, that he would pop to poor Rebecca.

I'm in despair, my love affair
 To him I daren't disclose,
 For girls must stop for men to pop
 I wish we could propose.
 There's hope tho' yet for when we get
 In Parliament—why then
 In a brace of cracks we'll clap a tax
 On all unmarried men.
 (*Spoken.*) Then p'r'aps I shall
 (*Sung.*) Wed my Ivanhoe,
 Gallant Ivanhoe, &c.

Enter IVANHOE and ISAAC.

IVAN. Out there it's much too cold for sleep—that's clear.
 (*Pointing to fire.*) They've left some fire, hurray! (*Sitting
 R. of table.*)

ISAAC. (*Pointing to chair.*) Yes, take a cheer!
 I wish they'd put me in the servants' attics.
 These roomy-halls so soon bring on roomatics.

Not e'en a blanket have I. (*Sitting by fire.*)

REB. Don't complain;

I've griefs as well, tho' you've no counter pain.

REB. (*Solus.*) He sleeps. Ah me, how sweetly calm he seems.

Dear youth, "Oh, happy, happy be thy dreams."

He doesn't look a bit tho' like a palmer.

Ah, more than that, I catch a glimpse of armour,
Beneath that gown. And he bears arms, I ween—

A more real bearing I have never seen.

I love him ardently, yet till to-night

I ne'er beheld him. Love 'tis at first sight

Sweetest pomade has on his locks been spent.

Loading the air with perfume.

ISAAC. (*Muttering in his sleep.*) Scent per scent.

REB. (*Bending over him.*) That placid brow—how beautiful!

IVAN. (*Awaking.*)

What's this!

Now pray do take it if you want a kiss.

(*Rubbing his eyes.*) Am I awake? Yes, but I've been asleep here.

(*To REBECCA, who starts from him abashed.*) Don't jump,
but bear in mind it isn't Leap-year.

REB. (*Confused.*) I beg your pardon, really—I—

IVAN. (*Aside.*)

She loves!

(*To REBECCA.*) Another moment you'd have won the gloves.

REB. (*Aside.*) The ice is broken. Now he'll pop, perchance.

IVAN. (*Aside.*) I must be cold, and freeze her with a glance.

(*Aloud.*) Rebecca!

REB. (*Coyly.*) Yes!

IVAN.

Kindly your passion smother;

I cannot wed you.

REB. (*In an agony.*) Why?

IVAN.

I love another!

(REBECCA gives a little shriek, and falls into IVANHOE'S arms, R.)

Enter ROWENA, L., who gives a little shriek too, and falls against

IVANHOE, L.

ISAAC. (*Muttering in his sleep.*) Confound those rats—why are they squeaking so?

ROW. (*Snatching herself away from him.*) Is this your love for me, false Ivanhoe?

IVAN. (*Throwing REBECCA off.*) You know me?

ROW.

No you—yes! Those piercing eyes

To me dis clothed you e'en 'neath that disguise.

I'll drown myself, as I can't be your bride.

IVAN. (*Imploringly.*) Oh, don't fling me, like an old shoe, aside.

(*Pointing to REBECCA.*) She knows I loved her not—for so I told her.

Don't turn your *back*, and give me the cold *shoulder*.

REB. With love, I'll own, my breast was stirred.

Row.

How dare

You talk of *stirring*, and stand *spooning* there.

REB. (*Aside.*) She's in an angry mood, her ire's intense.

(*To ROWENA.*) Oh, spare your *railing*—I meant not offence.

'Twas all *my* fault—I was not aware

That with myself you did a preference share

For that young man—so pray your passion calm.

Give him your *hand*—you bear away the *palm*.

Row. (*Giving her hand to IVANHOE.*) Then swear your first love you will ne'er forsake.

IVAN. I do!

ISAAC. (*In his sleep.*) Why, what a noise those rats do make!

Row. I haven't told you yet tho', what I've come for,

I was so flurried. Well, you'll all be done for.

That is—but, first of all, just rouse the Jew.

(IVANHOE shakes ISAAC.)

ISAAC. (*Muttering in his sleep.*) Sixty per cent.—and nothing less 'll do.

IVAN. (*Trying to rouse him.*) Here, Isaac, wake up!

ISAAC. (*Sleepily.*)

It's no use to bother.

I wouldn't take less even from my mother.

IVANHOE jerks him off chair. ISAAC sinks on his knees in state of great terror.)

IVAN. Wake up!

ISAAC. (*Piteously.*) Oh, spare me—I've not got a penny—not half a farthing e'en.

IVAN. We don't want any.

ISAAC. (*Rising.*) I've had a dream.

REB. That pastry—without question.

ISAAC. Dreams mostly are the fruits of indigestion.

But was it for a lark you roused up me?

IVAN. No! It's no lark, Jew, nor a *jeu d'esprit*.

ISAAC. There seems a mystery here; p'r'aps you'll dispel it.

Row. Listen with all your ears, and hear me tell it.

Concerted piece. Air, "The Hallelujah Band."

Row. A precious deed of villany I've heard Sir Brian plan:
He means with his retainers to waylay you, if he can,
And sieze upon Rebecca, for he wants her for his wife.

REB. Than wed that frightful villain, I'll much sooner lose my life.

ISAAC. My gracious! here's a pretty go—I quiver and I quake;

Oh, is it all a dream, or am I really wide awake?

REB. (*To IVANHOE.*) Then say that you'll go with us, for I know you must be brave.

IVAN. I'll go th' entire animal your bacon for to save.

Chorus.

Then we must start for York, sir—let's get on at any rate.

Together we will wander through the land;

And before the break of day we shall be some miles away,

And so sell that horrid Templar with his Saracenic band.

Dance, at conclusion of which ROWENA unbars door, R., and ISAAC, REBECCA, and IVANHOE are about to exeunt, when SIR BRIAN appears R. H. at back.

Air, "Hoop, la."

SIR B. Oh, you gay, you saucy spark—
Try to walk off in the dark.

ALL. Oh! la, oh! la, oh! la, oh!

REB. Sir Brian makes me feel so queer,
I could waltz off in my fear.

ALL. Oh! la, oh! la, oh! la, oh!

SIR B. I love that Jewish girl.

IVAN. He loves that pretty girl.

REB. My brain is in a whirl.

IVAN. Her brain is in a whirl.

Enter CEDRIC and RETAINERS, L.H., in night-dresses.

CED. What is the matter with you here?

SIR B. This here gay and saucy spark
Tried to walk off in the dark.

ALL. Oh! la, oh!

IVAN. Sir Brian, what do you do here?
You'd better waltz off in your fear.

[*General dance and close in.*]

SCENE II.—*Sherwood Forest.*

Enter RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, L.

RICH. (*Solus.*) I'm Richard Cœur de Lion, I should state,
For whom, being *King*, John has a *potent hate*;
And so, abroad, he got me clapt in pris'n,
That he might seize the crown which wasn't his'n.

But one fine day—by dint of stratagem—
 I left my dungeon. What a *cell* for him!
 Now like a common tramp I'm forced to stray
 In this *low manner*, on my own *highway*.

ISAAC. (*Outside.*) My child, my child! Where is she?

RICH.

Who comes here?

I will observe him.

[*Exit L.H.*]

Enter ISAAC, R.H.

ISAAC. Oh, my daughter dear
 Kidnapped from me—and, worse too, in her pocket
 She's got the ticket of a tip-top locket
 I bought for two and-six—it's worth a pound.
 The wretch who seized her begged it, I'll be bound.
 I've no one left. And, horror! agony!
 She locked the grub up and has got the key.
 If Christians punch our heads, pray don't we yell
 We bleed—and bleed our creditors as well.
 Pray don't we laugh—can't we see jokes, just try
 Us with a good burlesque or comedy.
 Then shall we not revenge when Christians wrong?
 Vengeance I'll have too—cue for topic song.

Song (ISAAC.)

Some say it soon will be
 With this nation all U P.—
 Cock-a-doodle-doo!
 That our power must decrease,
 'Cause the government loves peace—
 Cock-a-doodle-doo.
 Oh my, in spite of all their talking
 About their battles, sir, of Dorking,
 Though our steeds we cannot tether,
 Our foes we still can leather,
 Crowing cock-a-doodle-doo.

There have been of late some strikes—
 Many more than perhaps one likes.
 Cock-a-doodle-doo.
 But in Newcastle they
 Made it all right one fine day,
 And the workmen now don't cock-a-doodle-do.
 Oh my, of strikes there's just one more—
 A strike the nation must deplore:
 When our ships, on leaving dock,
 Strike and stick upon a rock,
 Britannia don't crow cock-a doodle-doo.

Now I had a little dream,
 And a strange one it did seem—
 Cock-a-doodle-doo.
 The Albert Hall, I thought,
 Was paying as it ought—
 Cock-a-doodle-doo.
 Oh my, what did I dream at last!
 I dreamt that Bruce's bill had pass'd,
 And that brewers all elate
 Gave Bruce a piece of plate,
 And Bruce of course crowed cock-a-doodle-doo.

Now France is stronger growing,
 Though Bismark still is crowing
 Cock a-doodle-doo.
 When we hear how Frenchmen pay
 The German debt, we say,
 They still may crow out cock-a-doodle-doo.
 Oh my, for France I still have fears—
 Her *nap* has given place to Thiers (*tears*.)
 Now, though Louis's got the sack,
 If they ask him to come back,
 Oh! won't he crow out cock a-doodle-doo.

Enter RICHARD, L.H.

ISAAC. Pardon me, sir, but prithee, prithee say,
 If you have seen Rebecca pass this way.

RICH. I hav'n't, or I'd tell you.

ISAAC. I don't doubt it.

RICH. How did you lose her?—tell me all about it.

ISAAC. Myself and daughter, with a brave young knight,
 Were trudging on—as any travellers might—
 When suddenly some villains 'hind a bush
 Swooped down upon us with “an ugly rush.”
 A blow soon stunned me, and, when I came round,
 I found myself recumbent on the ground
 In solitary state.

RICH. But who could dare
 To act so foully?

ISAAC. Sir de Bois-Guilbert.

RICH. (*Aside*.) A chum of John's.

ISAAC. To lose my child is hard
 (*Handing card*.) Allow me to present you with a card.
 A well-known firm—Isaac & Co., of York.
 Our suits at £2 5s. are all the talk.

Give us an order—we can do you well,
And turn you out a thorough tip-top swell.
To see our breast-plates how your eyes would glisten !
They are splendacious——

RICH. (*Who has been listening with manifest impatience.*
Hold your tongue, and listen
(*Mysteriously.*) I can a tale unfold.

ISAAC. Then don't be long.

RICH. A *soldier's* story of a *private* wrong.
Once on a time I lived in regal style ;
High is my rank.

ISAAC. (*Aside.*) He seems an oddish file.
(*To RICHARD.*) You've had, in fact—excuse the observation—
More kicks than *ha'pence*.

RICH. Oh ! what *pennytration* !
(*Slapping ISAAC's back energetically.*) You've *hit* it, just !

ISAAC. (*Rubbing himself.*) Well, if I have, I say
You needn't state it in that *striking* way.

RICH. Fact is, between ourselves, I'm rather down.
I've not a *bronze*—I ought to have a *crown*.
(*Looks cautiously round, and takes ISAAC mysteriously by arm to footlights.*) I'll tell my secret.

ISAAC. (*Alarmed.*) No, pray don't !

RICH. Prepare
yourself.

ISAAC. (*Aside.*) He's mad.

RICH. I am the rightful heir !
Now I've got home, I'll soon supplant that dodger
Who's in possession.

ISAAC. (*Amazed.*) Are you then *Sir Roger* ?
The real genuine *Tichborne*——

RICH. (*Annoyed.*) No such thing !
I'm to the throne the rightful heir—the king !

ISAAC. The king ! No, no, with me such tricks don't try on.

RICH. (*Angrily.*) Dost doubt it, dog ?

ISAAC. Dog ! Oh, that's *Cur de Lion* !
His language shews it. (*Kneeling.*) Sire, I humbly crave
Your pardon.

RICH. Rise ; all etiquette we'll waive.
I'm not astonished I'm not recognized—
Really of late I've been so much disguised ;
For since last here—alack and well-a-day—
I've been put on the stage by Halliday.
Friendless, for months I've not a single pal had ;
My chief aim's now to sing a little ballad,
And every night I warble forth a strain—

ISAAC. What, in the *street* !

RICH. Oh, dear no, in the *Lane*. it

ISAAC. Your lot is hard, you've cause, sire, to deplore ;
It's hard to sing, too, when they won't encore it.

Song. "Looking back." (RICHARD.)

I heard a voice long years ago—
A voice so wondrous sweet and low,
That trembling tears unbidden rose
From the depths of Love's repose ;
It floated through my dreams at night,
And made the darkest day seem bright.
It whisper'd to my heart its love,
And nestling there forgot to rove.
O my love ! I lov'd her so—
My love that lov'd me years ago.

O my love ! O my love ! O my love !

I lov'd her so—my love that lov'd me years ago.

But ere one summer passed away,
That gentle voice was hush'd for aye.
I watched my love's last smile, and knew
How well the angels lov'd her too.
Then silent, but with blinding tears,
I gathered all the love of years,
And laid it with my dream of old,
Where all I lov'd slept white and cold.
O my love ! I lov'd her so—
My love that lov'd me years ago.

O my love ! O my love ! O my love !

I lov'd her so—my love that lov'd me years ago.

Enter IVANHOE, hastily R., and RETAINERS.

IVAN. (*Kneeling to RICHARD, and doffing his helmet.*) My liege !

RICH. What, Ivanhoe, my faithful squire.
(*Raising him.*) Bend not so low. You've never stooped to hire,

But served me faithfully without reward.
I will repay thee tho'—

IVAN. My sovereign lord,
My blood for thee should be poured out like water.

ISAAC. Oh, tell me, I beseech thee, where's my daughter ?

IVAN. Sir Brian bore her off to Torquilstone.
He has, too, seized the girl I call my own—
Rowena—and brave Cedric. I suppose

Because Prince John counts them among his foes.

ISAAC. (*Furiously.*) Cursed be the villain Sir De B——

RICH. Don't swear

ISAAC. I'll beard the hated tyrant in his lair.

IVAN. You shall! Brave Robin Hood and all his crew
Have sworn with me to either die or do.

(*Going to wings R. and beckoning and speaking off.* Here, just
step forward, will you,

Enter ROBIN HOOD, LITTLE JOHN, and WILL SCARLET, R.

(*Pointing to* RICHARD.)

'Tis your king!

(ROB. WILL, and JOHN *kneel.*)

RICH. Rise, friends!

ROB. For you we'll fight like anything.

JOHN. We're going to show Sir B. what vengeance means.

WILL. There're plenty more of us behind the scenes.

ROB. Long live the king!

JOHN. For ever and a day.

WILL. Three cheers for Richard—

IVAN. Hip, hip, hip,

ISAAC. Hooray!

Concerted piece. Air, "My darling Nanette."

IVAN. That Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert quite a brute is,
Only think that he should seize that charming
belle—

My own darling little duck of a Rowena;
But he'll rue the day he meets this Saxon swell.

RICH. Oh, I'm eager for the fray, so let's be starting;

His conduct puts me really in a pet.

So, at once to facilitate departing,

With a chorus we'll just finish this duet.

Chorus.

Sir Brian, the base traitor, let's be after;

His doings he will very soon regret;

And he'll find 'twill no matter be for laughter,

For a hiding, most decidedly, he'll get.

Exit RICHARD, L. H. *Dance by* ISAAC and IVANHOE, and all
exeunt R. and L.

SCENE III.—*Apartment in Torquilstone Castle. Practicable
window and door at back, c. Doors R. and L. Couch.*

REBECCA *discovered asleep on couch. Soft music.*

REB. (*Awaking and rising.*) Awake once more! Oh,
 that I might sleep on
 At least till all my griefs were past and gone.
 What blissful sights are oft by sleep revealed,
 And *stamped* upon our minds when eyes are *sealed*.
 When Morpheus o'er mankind his mantle flings,
 Kings become cobblers, cobblers turn to kings
 Of woes how often he's the kind disperser,
Vice becomes virtue, virtue vice versa.

Enter ISAAC, by door L. H.

ISAAC. Rebecca!

REB. (*Rushing into his arms*) Oh, papa!

ISAAC. (*Embracing her.*) My child! my dear
 My joy! my life!

REB. Oh, 'pa, what brought you here?

IVAN. My legs, of course.

REB. No, no, I don't mean that.

ISAAC. I clambered o'er the wall, dear, like a cat,
 Dodged quickly in and used, as you're aware,
 T' avoid the *public gaze*, that *private stair*.
 You'll all be saved—one who don't stand on trifles
 Is bringing up a splendid corps of rifles.

Duet. Air, "Marseillaise."

REB. No tyrant shall rule over us,
 In freedom's name we'll fight.

Air, "Up-i-dee."

ISAAC. No, never, never shall he see
 Us two reduced to slavery.

REB. Stop, papa, it's clear to me
 That you mistake the tune.

Air, "Marseillaise."

REB. For freedom let us die,
 For freedom let us die.

Air, "Not for Joe."

ISAAC. That is so, that is so;
 We're prepared to die for freedom.

REB. No, no, no, no, no, no,
 Now you're singing "Not for Joe."

Air, "Can-Can."

ISAAC. Strike for freedom, 'Becca,
 Keeping up your pecker.

REB. No, you're wrong again.

Air, "Marseillaise."

REB. } Strike home, strike home,
 ISAAC. } In freedom's name,
 For slaves we'll ne'er become.

Air, "Driven from Home."

REB. Out in the cold world, out in the street,
 Asking a penny from——

Air, "Costermonger Joe."

ISAAC. Costermonger Joe,
 And as my rounds I go,
 For many a mile the girls all smile on——

Air, "Pretty little Sarah."

REB. Pretty little Sarah, with her golden hair,
 On a bright May morning early,
 Pretty little Sarah, with——

Air, "Captain Jinks."

ISAAC. Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
 Who feeds his horse on corn and beans,
 And often lives beyond his means,
 Though a Captain and a——

Air, "Jessie at the Bar."

REB. Tinker and a tailor, and a soldier and a sailor,
 and a

ISAAC. Fighting man as well, who talk'd so much about
 his spar.

REB. A butcher and a baker, and a——

Air, "Tommy Dodd."

ISAAC. Tommy Dodd, Tommy Dodd!
 I'm bound to win when I go in,
 Tommy Dodd, Tommy Dodd!

REB. Your interruptions I don't mind,
 I'll lay you any odds it's——

Air, "Pretty Jane."

Pretty plain when in the lane
 You're never not so very——

Air, "Shy."

ISAAC. Shy, so shy, so very shy.
 RER. No, 'pa, that's not so very shy,
 The air is old, as you've been told.

BOTH. { Oh! oh! you know,
 { It ain't so very shy.

Enter SIR BRIAN and SARACENS, door R. H.

SIR B. (*To SARACENS, pointing to ISAAC, CEDRIC, and ROWENA.*) Slaves, seize him, and imprison him, d'ye note, Within the deepest dungeons 'neath the moat.

(*SARACENS advance towards ISAAC.*)

ISAAC. Sir Knight, have mercy.

Oh, your vengeance hold.

Vile wretch, would you give me my death of cold.

SIR B. With pleasure—for of Jews there's plenty more.

ISAAC. Avenge me then, ye fates, I do implore.

May he, like me, be martyr to lumbager,

Tic-doloreux, sciatica, and ager,

Sore-throats, neuralgia, hooping-cough, and sneezings,

Rheumatics, asthma, colds, and bronchial wheezings.

And while the north-east wind doth round him blow,

Ye clouds, hail, mizzle, drizzle, sleet, and snow;

Rain rakes and pitchforks, kittens, cats and dogs,

While down his throat pour vapours, mists, and fogs.

May broken chilblains ever stud his toes,

May icicles hang pendant from his nose,

May winter's cold his shaving-water freeze,

May he be stopped whene'er he's going to sneeze.

And when appalled you loudly call your helps,

May palsies seize you——

SIR B. Oh, shade of Mr. Phelps!

Concerted piece. Air, "Down in a Coal-mine."

ISAAC. I'll be revenged, as sure as fate, on that base wretch,
Sir B.

SIR B. (*Coming down.*) Indeed! You'll find out your mistake.

REB. (*Starting.*)

Oh, gracious, goodness me!

ISAAC. How dare you crib my daughter?

SIR B.

Shut up, you infidel!

I've got a nice snug place for you.

ISAAC.

Where?

SIR B.

That I'll quickly tell.

Down in a dungeon deep beneath the ground,

Where a gleam of daylight never can be found;

Where it's cold and damp, too, all the season round,

Down in a dungeon deep beneath the ground.

Chorus.—Down in a dungeon, &c.

[ISAAC is dragged off L. H., by SARACENS.]

SIR B. (*Advancing towards REBECCA.*) Sweet girl, I love thee!

REB. Will you take a hint?

That's not a *sage* remark.

SIR B. I'm sure 'tis *mint*.

REB. Sir, say no more—'tis useless.

SIR B. You can't hate me.

Return my *passion*, come—*compassionate* me.

I really think you'd suit me to a T.

REB. (*Aside.*) A *tea*, indeed! Gracious, a nice *beau* he, for any girl.

SIR B. Be mine—I'll live for thee.

Will cut my club, forego e'en my latch-key.

You'd be indeed—nay, prithee, do not laugh—

Indeed, my *all*—

REB. But not your *better half*.

SIR B. *Roses* should strew your path, and riches—

REB. Hold!

Your *wealth* and *roses*—I'd not *marry gold*,

And sell my *heart's-ease*. I'd another wed.

SIR B. Then just forget him, and love me instead.

REB. Love *you*! I will.

SIR B. Ah, blissful moment then!

REB. But wait an instant, and I'll tell you when.

SIR B. Say when, I pray!

REB. When Luna sheds her light

By day, and Sol illuminates the night;

When damp November's found both hot and dry;

When frost and snow occur but in July;

When folks no longer want what they can't get;

When on the "Derby" young men never bet;

When nations cease all useless wars to wage;

When quite correctly ladies state their age,

And drop enamelling their face, and wear

Simply their own, and not another's hair;

When poverty ne'er by the world is spurned;

When borrowed umbrellas are returned;

When cabbies are contented with their fare;

And when for office statesmen cease to care;

When cold melts butter, heat produces icicles:

When everyone eats horseflesh and rides bicycles;

In short, when the impossible shall be,

Then, and then *only*, will I marry thee.

You have your answer.

SIR B. *That my answer?* Never!

You've dared to slight me—'tis no use whatever.

You shall not have the power to say me no.

(*Advancing towards her.*) I'll marry you at once.

REB. (*Terrified.*) Oh, Ivanhoe,
Would you were here. (*Shouting.*) Help! Help!

SIR B. What use to yell?
By force I'll take you. (*About to seize her, when IVANHOE jumps in at window, and knocks SIR B. down.*)

IVAN. (*To SIR B.*) Then take *that* as well!

REB. (*Clinging to IVANHOE.*) I'm saved! I'm saved! My cry was not in vain.

IVAN. No, as the clown says, "Here we are again!"

SIR B. (*Rising.*) Rash fool, come on! Your hash I'll quickly settle.

IVAN. Then with this bit of steel (*touching sword*) I'll try your mettle.

Concerted piece. Air, "Dumdreary—Brother Sam."

SIR B. Your bodkin draw!

REB. (*Alarmed.*) Don't fight, I pray.
I wish they'd stop the fray.

IVAN. (*To SIR B.*) I told you we should meet some day.

SIR B. Well, come on, sir, if you dare.
I'll very soon make mincemeat of you.

IVAN. No, I'll be *dished* if you do.

REB. This *broil's* enough to put me in a *stew*,
For if he should kill that warrior true (*pointing to IVANHOE*),
'Twould be a shocking affair.

(*To SIR B.*) If you kill *he*, most certainlee,

You'll drive me to despair.

SIR B. If I kill *he*, why then, you see,
I'll wed that maiden fair.

IVAN. If I kill *he*, he can't, you see,
Then wed that maiden fair.

} *Ensemble.*

(*Desperate sword combat to music. SIR B., at last, falls, and IVANHOE stands over him as conqueror. Tableau.*)

Enter ISAAC, R., followed by CEDRIC, ROWENA, RICHARD, ROBIN HOOD, WILL SCARLET, LITTLE JOHN, and all the supers available. ROWENA embraces IVANHOE at back, and remains in conversation with him; rest of characters towards front.

ISAAC. (*Clasping REBECCA in his arms.*) My child!

REB. Oh, father!

ISAAC. In your parent's arms,

So prithee say you like our play,

Then transported we shall be now.

Oh, make us certain, when falls the curtain,

By your smiles we are befriended,

For we our fate anxiously wait—anxiously wait.

(*General dance.*)

Rest now for ever safe from all alarms.

ROB. The castle's stormed, and we've just been and done it.

CED. (*Pointing to RICHARD.*) 'Twas all through that black knight, tho', that we won it.

RICH. Time's on the wing ;

So, to cut matters short, behold your king !

OMNES. The king ! (*All kneel to him.*)

IVAN. (*Led forward by ROWENA.*) And now a duty must be done.
(*To CEDRIC, taking off his helmet.*) Father !

CED. (*Astonished.*) What, Ivanhoe ! My boy, my son !
(*About to embrace him, but, recollecting himself*)—But no ; you love Rowena.

REB. (*Aside.*) What a pity !

ROW. It isn't his fault, come, if I'm so pretty.

CED. If that's the case, I'd better join their hands.
(*Giving ROWENA to IVANHOE.*) There, marry her—I shan't forbid the banns.

So kneel at once, and tell her all you feel, son.

(*IVANHOE kneels to ROWENA.*)

REB. (*Aside.*) I wish he'd say to poor Rebecca—Neilson.

IVAN. I think we now may venture to adjourn.

SIR B. (*Getting up, and coming forward.*) Excuse me,
would you be surprised to learn
That I'm alive ?

IVAN. I thought your race was run.

SIR B. You really only managed me to stun.
I know I'm very guilty.

RICH. Yes.

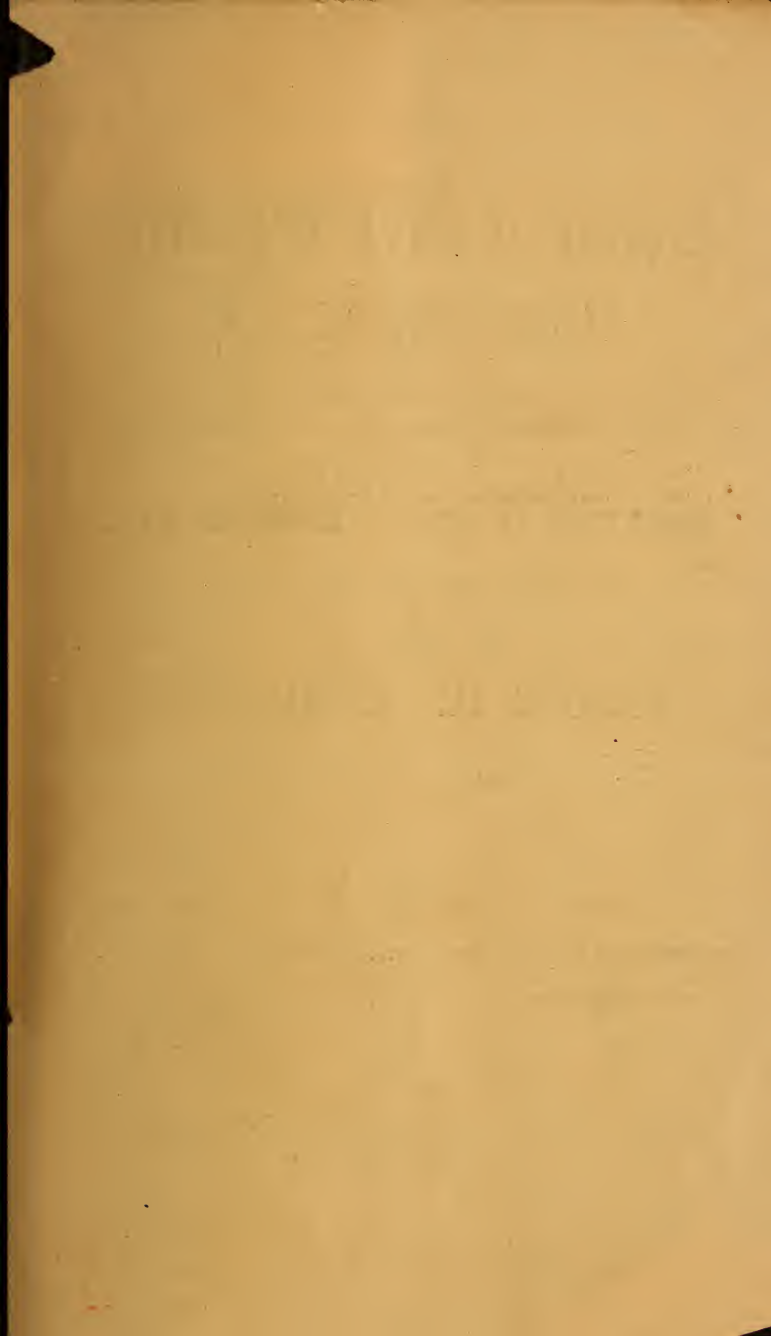
SIR B. And so

Myself upon the mercy of the court I'll throw.

ISAAC. (*Pointing to audience.*) There sits the court, then.
(*To audience.*) You, kind friends in front,
Are judge and jury—we're to bear the brunt,
Whate'er your verdict is. Will you transport
Us with delight in this your ROYAL COURT.

Chorus.—Finale, "Chilperic."

Now they're united, say you're delighted,
All, of course, ends happily now.





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